

Choosing A Princess

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Stoick, Valka

Pairings: Hiccup/Astrid, Stoick/Valka

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-21 16:18:06

Updated: 2014-11-30 16:45:28

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:03:42

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,157

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: [the Selection!AU] Prince Hiccup of the kingdom of Berk is now old enough to get married. There is a very special event called the Selection, where 35 girls from all over the kingdom are chosen to live in the palace and compete for the heart of the prince. But Astrid Hofferson, didn't exactly want to be a princess. With the Outcasts trying to attack, will it be worth it? Hiccstrid

1. The Search Has Started

****Choosing A Princess****

****A Hiccstrid Fanfiction****

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><p>This is a story of a kingdom called Berk,

where things will most likely last.

Each must know how hard they work,

for the time of year's approaching fast.

The prince much choose his equal, his mate

In the Selection, there he'll find

Young maidens who must not show hate,

for the prince is, indeed, not blind.

The kingdom will rejoice when he will have chosen.

The lucky lady who'll have everything she desires,

And a pure love that's woven,

But trouble is not far behind since Outcasts won't cease fire.

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><p>AN:**So this is my Hiccstrid version of one of my favorite book series, The Selection by Kiera Cass! So basically, when the prince (Hiccup) comes of age, there is an event they call the Selection where 35 girls from all over the kingdom (Berk) shall compete for the heart of the prince, and the prince, in the end, will choose who he will marry. Of course, I'm only using the main plot of the Selection, but not everything will be the same. Yes, I added the Selection in general, but the characters are in no way similar, so the way things are going to go are going to be quite different from the book. :)

**Edit (11/30/14): **I have deleted the caste system from this story.

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><p>Astrid's POV

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><p>I didn't want this.<p>

I didn't want to join the Selection.

I hated it.

Today was the day where countless of single ladies would come to the grand ball the king and queen had prepared for their son's return. Coincidentally, they had declared that every eligible young maiden were to come, for it was time for the young prince to choose the women to compete in the Selection.

The Selection is basically a competition where thirty-five maidens from all over the kingdom fight for the prince's heart, but in this case, fight for the crown. Sure, the prince was handsome, but most women just want to be a princess. They only ever talk about his looks and how his the heir to the throne. No one ever spoke of how he acts, or how he addresses anyone.

I, on the other hand, am the only girl in Berk who doesn't want to be with him, let alone be the princess. I was never cut out for it. Even so, the King and Queen are perfect for each other. Before King Stoick became the king, the kingdom wasn't well. It was ruled by such corrupt people.

"Astrid!" My mother called from downstairs. "We're waiting! We better be there quick, or else the prince might've found someone who caught his eye, already."

I rolled my eyes. "Coming, mom."

Just like I said, I didn't want to be a princess. I was content with my life. My father's a lawyer, and my mother's a teacher. I opted to be a doctor. The royal life just isn't for me.

With one last look in the mirror, I sighed and smoothed my dress before walking out the door and down the stairs. My mother waited impatiently outside the front door, her foot tapping on the stone floor of the porch. "I told you to hurry," she said as she basically dragged me into the car.

"And I did."

"Well, hurry faster."

The car took off, and in a few minutes, we arrived at the castle. On the courtyard, I saw lots of girls with different types of gowns, some more revealing than others. I chose a simpler dress for the occasion, not wanting the attention to be on me. I wore an off the shoulder red gown that thankfully didn't garner too much attention. That's exactly what I wanted, just survive the night and things could go back to normal.

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><p>Hiccup's POV

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><p>"Dad, this is going nowhere," I whispered to my father, the King.<p>

"Nonsense, son. You haven't even met all of the ladies. You're bound to choose at least thirty-five, so we could officially start the Selection."

My father had planned a grand ball inviting all of the eligible maidens of the kingdom. I knew my father was looking forward to me getting married, but I never knew that he was expectant enough to start the choosing of the Selection candidates a few months earlier. I'd have to choose thirty-five of them, then notify them that they must live in the palace until I narrow them down to one girl.

To be honest, I don't think this would go too well. I don't want women to compete for me. I wanted to choose someone when I meet her. I don't want it to be an event broadcasted in national television for others to see. I wanted it to be something private, but alas, I was born into this life...

So far, I've found some nice girls, but someone had yet to interest me. Yes, the women looked beautiful, but whenever I would speak to one of them, it was clear they wanted one thing: the crown. Not one of them had asked me about who I am apart from being the prince. Not one of them talked about themselves, either. All they wanted to know was how it was like to be a prince.

As two women in front of me curtsied, I bowed as a response. At that moment, in the corner of my eye, I saw a blonde maiden, hair tied in

a side braid leaving a few strands of hair loose. Her dress fit perfectly on her body. She wasâ€¦ hiding? Excusing myself from the two maidens in front of me, I walked towards the blonde. She was beautiful, yes, but I approached her because of my curiosity. 'What is she doing?' I wondered.

"Hiding from someone?" I asked from behind her.

She groaned. "My mother," she replied, not turning to look at him. Instead, she cautiously looked in front of her.

I raised a brow. "And what's the matter with your mother?"

"She's just going to pester me and drag me to that snobby prince and hope sparks fly."

"Is that so? Do you know the prince personally?" I asked, a little stunned of her impression of me.

"No, but it's sort of obvious."

"Obvious, how?"

She sighed. "Look, I'm trying to avoid my mom, so I would appreciate if-" As she turned to face me, her eyes widened.

"Hi." Waving at her, I gave her a gentle smile.

"Well... I'm pretty much screwed, aren't I?" She took her gaze away from me.

Chuckling, I shook my head. "No. No, you're pretty much the only one who has actually said their honest opinion of me. No harm done."

"She sighed, relieved. "Well, another honest opinion of mine would be that they all just want to be part of the royal family."

"Due to tradition, I do have to go through with the Selection."

"Why not just break tradition?" She cocked her head to the side.

I scoffed, shaking my head. "My father would never allow that. We have laws to abide."

"Ah, yes. Laws like women are not allowed to wear pants to a ball." I could hear the sarcasm in her voice. She obviously opposed to that.

"You'd wear pants to a ball?"

"Yeah," she replied, not at all hesitant. "I prefer pants."

"But at a formal ball, it's sort of implied to wear something, well, formal."

She shrugged. "I'd choose comfort over style, any day."

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><p>Astrid's POV

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><p>Before either of us could say anything, I heard my mother's voice calling out for me. I stiffened. If she saw me with the prince, I would never hear the end of it, and she would just join in the conversation, spewing out nonsense. "Shit."<p>

He raised a brow. "What?"

"It's my mom."

He, still confused, tilted his head. "We could talk in the garden if that's what you'd like."

"Huh?" I looked at him, confused as well.

"I don't exactly want to end this conversation, just yet."

Not wanting my mom to see us, I just nodded, and he lead me out into the garden.

It was beautiful. Rose bushes lined up in both sides of the aisles. The fresh air tingles against my skin. I could smell the sweet scent of different flowers, all different but when together, smelled wonderful. Noticing my silence, the prince had smiled.

"Like it?"

"Very." I couldn't deny it, nor did I want to.

"My mother's love for the outdoors is what caused her to fix the garden. Before she won the Selection, it wasn't as good looking as it is now."

I looked at him.

"Well, so I've been told."

"I stifled a giggle. "I knew the queen loved gardens, but I never really thought that the castle garden would be this beautiful."

"You've never been to one of the other balls before?"

Shaking my head, I said, "No. I preferred to stay at home whenever there was one."

"Then why'd you come to this one?"

I pointed to the entrance back into the ballroom. "My mother, remember?"

"So you have no want to be part of the Selection?"

"Is this Twenty Questions?"

He shrugged. "What? I'm curious."

I walked towards the fountain and sat by it. "Curiosity killed the cat."

"I think of myself as a dragon, thank you very much," he joked, sitting as well. "But I'm serious. You're the only girl who has ever spoken normally to me. It takes guts."

"I've got plenty of that," I said. "And I don't think you've spoken to all of the women, yet."

"That... is true."

I smiled. "Can't just talk to me. Don't you have thirty-five girls to pick?" Standing up, I dusted my skirt.

He stood up, as well. "True again," he said. "It was great talking to you, miss...?"

"Astrid. Astrid Hofferson."

"Hofferson!" He exclaimed. "No wonder you have such a strong personality."

"Should I be offended or..?"

"Oh, no. No, not at all. I meant that as a compliment!"

"Wow, the Prince of Berk is quite an awkward, shoulder shaking young man. I never expected this," I joked.

"I don't shake my shoulders." Shake.

I laughed. "Keep telling yourself that. Anyway, Your Highness. I best be on my way." Before I left, I gave him a little curtsy. "It was great meeting you." And I was off with a new light and knowledge about the prince. He wasn't all that bad.

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><p>AN:** Hope you liked it! Sorry that it wasn't so good, but I really wanted to try this out. :) Thanks for reading, and have a wonderful day! :D

2. Of Pictures and Races

****Choosing A Princess****

A Hiccstrid Fanfiction

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><p>AN:** Hello! I finally updated this. :D I made a few minor changes in the first chapter, but it's okay if you don't go and reread it because, as I've said, they're just very minor details. The only thing that's sort of big that I have changed is the Caste System. It no longer exists in this story. Happy reading!

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><p>Astrid's POV

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><p>I stared at the TV, mindlessly skipping through channels to see if there was anything decent on. Pointless news about celebrities dating, that's a no. Depressing movie about forbidden love, it's a definite skip. Kids show, no, thank you. Before I could go through more channels, my mother came in bursting through the door.<p>

"Astrid!"

Sighing, I put down the remote and looked at her. "Yes?"

"It's almost time for the announcement," she said giddily as she sat beside me on the couch.

It took me a few moments to process. Ah, yes, the announcement. It's been a few days since the ball, and today's the day when they will broadcast the candidates for The Selection. I had to admit. I was a little anxious. Meeting the prince was surprisingly pleasant, but I don't really want to join a competition for his heart. I barely knew the guy! Still, I was a little confused why my mother was so excited. I didn't tell her about my encounter with the prince.

"Er, mom, why exactly are you excited for the announcement?"

An absurdly wide grin appeared on her face. "Why, it's because there might still be a possibility that you'd be picked! He had to have at least seen you, right?"

I laughed nervously. _'If only you knew, momâ€|'_

She grabbed the remote and went to the Royal News Channel, and, as if on cue, the announcement was about to be on. An excruciatingly high pitched squeal escaped my mother's lips. She was acting like a teenage girl.

"Good evening, Berkians," Berk's most popular TV host, Gobber, said. Gobber wore a normal tuxedo with a black tie. "It's finally time, eh? The Selection has been part of our kingdom for very long. When a prince or princess comes of age, he/ she will have to have their very own Selection. In the Selection, thirty-five men or women are chosen to compete for the heart of the heir to the throne. Important challenges and interviews will be aired on TV."

And here comes the long and dragging explanation about the competition. I don't think there is anyone in the kingdom who doesn't know the history or how it goes in the Selection.

"In the last Selection, our dear queen, Queen Valka, had won the heart of our king. More than two decades later, they are still going strong, and have brought our kingdom into greatness," Gobber

continued.

Although I do not believe in the Selection entirely, it is true that the king and queen are perfect for each other. They are one of the few lucky and true loves found in that competition.

As Gobber went on about the Selection's basic information and backstory, my mother had gone into the kitchen to get us drinks and light snacks. My father had also decided to join in and watch it with us. When my mother returned, the king and queen had appeared on the screen.

"Good evening," King Stoick greeted. The king was wearing his ceremonial tuxedo with a sash. On top of his head was, of course, his crown. "Well, for years, it has finally come. My son, Prince Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, is to find a wife!"

Screams erupted from the crowd in front of the king and from my mother who was right beside me. I twitched and rubbed my earlobe. That woman can scream.

Queen Valka was dressed in a lovely blue gown that accentuated her slim waist. On the bodice of the gown were gold beads that formed flowers and a blue sash went from her right shoulder to her waist. A cape of the same shade of blue cascaded down her back and onto the floor. Her hair was done up, but strands of hair were purposely let down and curled at the ends. And, of course, to make her look complete, a beautiful silver crown was placed on her head.

Smiling, the queen spoke, "Although it is earlier than expected, tonight is the night we will be announcing the thirty-five lucky ladies who will take part in the Selection and will stay with us in the castle until my son finds his bride," she paused for a moment. "In that period of time, my son will be spending time with each of the lovely maidens and, in any time he wishes, he can eliminate a candidate, and she will be sent home."

"Of course, there are ground rules that are set once the candidates are in the castle. One, fighting with each other is strictly not allowed. Once someone starts a fight, she will be disqualified from the Selection and will be sent home."

That made sense. Cat fights are ugly. They continued laying out rules, and once they were done, Gobber came back on the screen.

"Thank you, Your Majesties," he said. "Now, before we finally announce the maidens who will take part in the Selection, let's have a few words with the fishbone, uh, man of the hour; Prince Hiccup!"

He came on the stage, looking as confident as he was when I had first met him. He seemed unfazed by Gobber's introduction. Perhaps they were close. Still, delighted screams erupted from the audience, and, again, my mother.

"Thank you for that very flattering introduction, Gobber." The sarcasm in his voice was so clear, it was almost impossible for me not to snicker.

"You're so very welcome."

He snickered. "Well, I actually don't have a lot to say. I just hope that I do find the love of my life, like how my father did when he found my mother." He looked at his parents and smiled fondly at them. They did the same. "And," he said, looking back to the camera. "I just hope things will go smoothly."

"Why, Your Highness, how very simple."

"That's me."

"Without further ado, it's time to find out who these lucky ladies are!"

Pictures and names of the first few ladies chosen were shown on the screen. There were some vaguely familiar faces. I might have known them from before, but I couldn't really remember.

"Oh, dear gods, please let Astrid be in," I heard my mother say.

My father gently rubbed my mother's back with his right hand. "Just calm down, Ingrid. We aren't even halfway through yet."

"Aren't halfway through, Gunnar? The thirty-second girl has just been announced!"

"Ingrid, please, just--"

"And the thirty-fifth lucky maiden isâ€¦ Astrid Hofferson from the Hofferson clan!"

Silence.

Oh, no.

A loud squeal escaped my mother's lips as she tackled me in a hug. "Yes!"

"Mom," I whispered. "Can't. Breathe."

On the screen flashed pictures of me in the ball. There was one of me standing by the punch bowl smiling as I was talking to a friend I ran into. Then, one when I entered the castle. The pictures after that made my mother go crazy.

Pictures of Hiccup and I were shown; when he and I were talking in the ballroom, when he and I walked towards the entrance to the garden, us walking in the garden, and of us sitting by the fountain. When and how they took the pictures is beyond me.

"Astridâ€¦" My mother started. "You did not tell me this."

"Uh, you didn't ask," I replied, hoping for something to save me. Thankfully and surprisingly, Gobber's voice did just that.

"Wow, you seem particularly close with Ms. Hofferson, Your Highness," he said to Prince Hiccup.

"Well, it just so happened that I talked to her the most," he

replied. "She's a very lovely lady."

Gobber smiled. "Anyway, that is all for tonight, ladies and gentlemen! Letters will be sent to the candidates about when they will be moving into the castle and servants will be sent there as well. Good night, fellow Berkians!"

Right after that, I ran as fast as I could upstairs to my room before my mom could interrogate me. That's when it finally sunk in. I was part of the Selection.

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Oh, gods, help me.

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><p>Hiccup's POV

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><p>The morning after the announcements, I walked into the dining hall where breakfast was being served. My parents were already seated, and I made my way to my seat. "Good morning, mom, dad." I didn't have to be so formal with them. I am their son, after all. Besides, they prefer it that way.<p>

"Good morning, Hiccup," my mom said. "How was your sleep?"

I shrugged then smiled. "Same old, same old."

My dad smiled, as well. "That's Hiccup for you," he cleared his throat. "Soâ€| Are you content with the maidens you've chosen?"

"Yeah, dad. I am," I replied before I took a bite out of the bread.

"You seem to be well acquainted with Ms. Hofferson, son," he spoke suggestively before drinking out of his glass.

I almost choked. I grabbed my glass of water and drank from it quite hurriedly. "Uhâ€|"

Mom just laughed. "He's just joking, son."

"Or am I?"

I laughed sarcastically. "Ahaha, yes. Very funny."

After breakfast, I went for a quick stop to the library. That's when I ran into Fishlegs, a close friend of mine here in the castle. He worked as the librarian and was the one in charge of writing the letters.

"Hey, Fishlegs," I greeted.

"Oh, Hiccup, hey," he greeted back. Some might find it odd, but I allow a few people to call me by my name without any formalities. I just don't want to be treated too highly when it comes to friends. "What brings you to the library? Usually you head straight to the stables."

"Oh, you know, I just ate," I replied as I rubbed the back of my neck. "Can't go riding right after a meal, right?"

"That never stopped you before," he pointed out as he put a book back onto the shelf. "What are you really here for, huh?"

"I need you to send something for me along with a candidate's Letter of Confirmation."

He nodded. "Sure, no problem," he said, smiling. "Who's the lucky lady?"

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><p>Astrid's POV

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><p>I managed to survive until morning. Mother and father had to go to work early. At least I don't have to worry about mother breathing into my neck about this entire thing. What I do know is that she is possibly " scratch that - make that definitely enjoying the praises and congratulations from her co-workers. She isn't even the one chosen to be in the Selection. Whatever.<p>

I quietly ate my breakfast. It was still odd to me that I actually got chosen. It was also odd to me that I wasn't as mad or upset as I thought I would be if I did get chosen. Maybe it was because the prince was nothing I thought he was. Well, for now. Shaking my head, I continued eating.

Suddenly, I heard the doorbell ring. Standing up, I went to the door and opened it to find a rather large blonde man standing in front of me. "Good morning, Ms. Hofferson. I am Fishlegs Ingerman, and I am here to give you your Letter of Confirmation."

"Letter of Confirmation?" I parroted.

"It's letter that tells you when a few servants will come over and help you with your things to bring to the castle."

"Ah, yes, that letter" I said as I reached for it and took it. "Thank you."

"Prince Hiccup also wanted me to relay a message to you."

That's surprising. "Uh, okay. What is it?"

"He is asking if you are free this afternoon for a horse race."

That definitely sounded interesting. "Sure. I'm in."

"Glad to hear that."

I looked at who had just arrived and was surprised to see the prince dressed in sporty attire.

I scoffed. "Seriously? It isn't even afternoon yet!"

"What? Does it kill to be prepared?"

I shook my head as I snickered. "Fine. Just prepare to get your ass-whooped, Your Highness."

With that, I closed the door to freshen up and change.

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><p>Hiccup's POV

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><p>I saw Fishlegs stand there motionless, obviously stunned.<p>

"Woah, Hiccup. She just said so nonchalantly that she'd whoop your ass."

I nodded. "Yeah, and..?"

"She's pretty brave, that's what I'm saying."

"I know," I replied, smiling. "But what she doesn't know is that I'm going to beat her at this."

Fishlegs shook his head. "You do know that this is going to create lots of news reports about her, and the Selection hasn't even formally started yet!"

"Is it wrong to ask her for a race?"

"Well, no, but are you sure about this?"

"Positive. Come on, it's just for fun."

Fishlegs sighed. "Alright."

* * *

><p>AN: That's all! Happy reading! **

End
file.